# Interview with Paul F. Du Vivier

The Association for Diplomatic Studies and Training Foreign Affairs Oral History Project

DR. PAUL F. DU VIVIER

Interviewed by: Charles Stuart Kennedy

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*Q: Paul, I wonder if you could give me a little about your background. Where did you come from, before we get into the Foreign Service.*

DU VIVIER: My mother's forebears came from Kent, England to Massachusetts presumably in 1652. Her grandfather Erasmus Darwin Keyes was a major general in 1852-3 and her father was a pioneer urologist in New York. My father's ancestors were lawyers in Paris and immigrated to New York in 1818. Leaving his family there he moved to New Orleans as a dry goods merchant and was interred there in 1854.

After serving eight years as an Assistant District Attorney in New York my father first went to France in 1915 to open a branch office of Coudert Brothers and thereafter flourished as the leading American lawyer in Paris until he retired in 1939 saying, “One World War is enough for me.”

As a result I went to school in France for four years. I traveled in Europe a great deal, and was naturally attracted to the Foreign Service when I went to Princeton after my international schooling.

*Q: Sir, when did you go to Princeton?*

DU VIVIER: I went in in 1934, after six months in Munich, Germany, and graduated in '38.

*Q: What were you majoring in?*

DU VIVIER: I majored in history, which was one of their strongest departments, and there was a fine mentor called Raymond Sontag who later went to California who became an expert on Hitler, and he was my advisor at that time. As a result, I wasn't attracted to the law as much as I was to diplomacy, trying to make people appreciate our country and trying to be of service to them, and this has been my driving force throughout my life.

*Q: Then you graduated in 1941?*

DU VIVIER: Excuse me, I graduated in 1938, and then I came directly to Georgetown where I got a Master of Science in Foreign Service in the spring of 1940, with honors. Then I worked as a copy boy for the New York Times and got into the obituary department which was great fun. I wrote the obituary of Elsie the Borden cow and part of the obituary of Paderewski who somehow died the same day—strange coincidence, but that's life. And then I went from there to Newfoundland commissioned as a “Vice Consul Unclassified C” earning $1800.00 and then $2500.00 per annum.

*Q: But how did you get into the Foreign Service?*

DU VIVIER: During the summer of 1939 I went to a cram school in Georgetown run by Mannix Walker, and I worked very hard all summer, passed the written, failed the orals by two points, repeated the process in 1940, and this time passed.

*Q: Well then, how did they work it when you...this was before we were in the war?*

DU VIVIER: That's right. But we all knew we would get involved shortly and our survival lay in a British victory.

*Q: How did they train you, or what did they do when you entered the Foreign Service?*

DU VIVIER: There was no training; they couldn't be bothered. I came down, checked things out, received no shots or briefing, and since I had a Ford roadster car, I said I would drive to Newfoundland, in two weeks. I went through New Haven to bid my parents goodbye and caught the boat at Halifax, sailing through submarine-infested waters to the colorful seaport of St. John's where John Cabot landed in 1498 and immediately I got to work in a wartime atmosphere with blackouts and rationing and practically no visa work but a great deal of public relations with the Canadian Navy and the Americans. There was an American regiment, the famous 3rd Infantry—based at Fort Pepparell, and after a few months the Atlantic Charter was signed in an outlying bay called Placentia Bay. I was only dimly aware of what was going on, serving as a code clerk.

*Q: It was highly secret at the time.*

DU VIVIER: Yes, highly secret. No reporters.

*Q: The meeting between Churchill and Roosevelt on the...*

DU VIVIER: On the U.S.S. Augusta, I think it was.

*Q: On the Augusta, no, Prince of Wales.*

DU VIVIER: Prince of Wales, you're right. It was highly secret, and I carried messages back and forth. I knew something extraordinary was going on, and I never asked questions. In those days, you didn't ask questions. Once I was mistaken for Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. It was the height of my glory. But afterwards, of course, we heard quite a bit about it. And because I performed satisfactorily there, after a year's probation I was brought back to a very intellectual man called G. Howland Shaw who was Chief of Personnel. He sort of sized me up and said, “You seem to know French very well,” and I said, “Yes,” and he said, “The Consul General in Marseille has just come home and

he needs a replacement for George McMurtrie Godley," whom I'd known in college, and "Would you like to go to Marseille?" and I said, "Fine," knowing nothing about it. So I had thirty days leave and met my wife, incidentally, and then I went off on the China clipper, or the equivalent, Pan-American clipper, that took a day and a half of continuous flight from La Guardia airport.

*Q: You went to the Azores.*

DU VIVIER: From La Guardia to Bermuda for refueling to the Azores for breakfast and then to Lisbon. And once again, with practically no briefing in the Department.

*Q: This was when?*

DU VIVIER: This was August 1942.

*Q: So by that time Germany had occupied up to the Vichy Line...*

DU VIVIER: Correct. They had done so two years earlier.

*Q: We're talking about a truncated France under Marshal Petain.*

DU VIVIER: Yes, yes.

*Q: Marseille was within that district.*

DU VIVIER: Exactly. And on the plane were seventeen members of the American Red Cross who became close friends, and they were doing food relief work in France. The Quakers had about a dozen men there too, and they were giving out milk and chocolate and so on to underfed French children, and incidentally helping some Jewish refugees to slip out with fake passports and US visas through Lisbon and get to this country. So there was a great deal going on there, but once again, before going to my post, I didn't get any shots, I wasn't told what to buy or what to say, I had access to very low classified

dispatches as they were then called, and I made a few handshakes...James Bonbright, who was the French desk officer, said, “Do what you're told and we'll watch what you come up with.” And when I got there, I found in Marseille that I was in a maelstrom of activity. That was a large consulate of 12 Americans and 25 French “locals.” We'd taken over the office of the British consulate general, which was slightly more protected from eavesdropping than our own facing the Prefecture in the main square.

*Q: I'd like to just stop for one minute. How did you get there? I mean, we were at war with Germany by this time, and how did you get through over to Marseille, because you'd have to go through German-occupied territory.*

DU VIVIER: No. From Lisbon, where I spent six days, I went by train with two Foreign Service stenographers to Madrid where a friend met me. And after a day there by train we proceeded to Barcelona where we spent another two nights, and then we went by train into unoccupied France at Cerbere to Narbonne, and, strangely enough, when I got there, a train station master was curious about me, since I had a huge suitcase—seventy-two pounds—full of clothes, cigarettes, and coffee beans. He was fascinated about what I was doing, and of course I wasn't going to talk, and he said, “What are the movies like in America?” And we spent about twenty minutes on the windy platform talking about Betty Gable and Charles Boyer and Mickey Mouse and all of these heroes we love. Then a French couple came up and said, “Where's the next train to so-and-so?” The chef de gare hated to be interrupted, and said, “Let me see your tickets,” and so he took the tickets like that and he said, “These tickets are no good,” and he tore them in half like that and he says, “Go to booth window number 3 and get a new set of tickets. You ought to know better than to interrupt when I'm having a serious conversation.” And then he went back to talk about what were our best planes, and when are we coming over, and what are we going to do and all that. And then I, after a night trip in a private compartment, landed at Marseille at daybreak and was met by a consular clerk. I stayed with an American consul

general in his very comfortable home for about five days until I moved into the big hotel on the main city street.

*Q: What was the staffing of the consulate like?*

DU VIVIER: The staffing was an FSO-2, Jay Webb Benton—a bachelor who traveled with his mother, a Romanian maid, and a couple of dachshunds; an FSO-4 consul, Bill Peck, who had been in the Marine Corps for about fifteen years, and he had a Russian-born wife; and then, in rank, myself; and then came three auxiliary vice-consuls, Betts, Crook, and Bradford. The auxiliary vice-consuls did the bulk of the consular work. There was no visa work or commercial invoices to speak of. There was a fair amount of passports, and there was a tremendous amount of intelligence-gathering. Because of my French nose and name, I was whisked into doing underground work with various groups. One of the Maquis clubs was called Comete, “shooting star,” and another was Colbert, and I got to know them very well because one of their members was married to a...

*Q: Maquis being the...*

DU VIVIER: Underground network of anti-German resistance fighters.

*Q: M-a-q-u-i-s.*

DU VIVIER: And they, for instance, were monitoring the German radio signals that were flooding the place. There were a lot of Gestapo agents undercover throughout the area. Patriotic Frenchmen were listening to the BBC nightly radio broadcasts and picking up the London Times airmail edition dropped on the hillsides and distributing it. They were also passing on information to our embassy in Vichy. I didn't know what the OSS was. I never heard of it until the end of the war, but I was called upon to collect detailed information for it on the repair or non-repair of four large French warships, including the Strasbourg, and 12 other crippled cruisers and destroyers who had escaped the Royal Navy at Mers-el-Kebir in Algeria. (July 3, 1940)

*Q: Jean Bart? Was that there?*

DU VIVIER: Jean Bart was unfinished and lay at Casablanca.

*Q: Maybe it was in Dakar.*

DU VIVIER: No, the Richelieu also unfinished was at Dakar. But Toulon had also the Algerie and Colbert were two heavy cruisers. The Toulon shipyards were deliberately dragging their feet on repairing them so that they wouldn't be of service to the Nazis when they came or determined to scuttle them, as indeed they did.

*Q: These were in Toulon.*

DU VIVIER: They were in Toulon, and I had three bright young Franco-American men who were clerks at the consulate and who went to the naval base every week to feed this information back to me and then I would feed it up to the assistant naval attach# at Vichy who was called Lt. Commander Thomas B. Cassidy. And he was OSS, but I learned that only later.

*Q: Well now, Bill Donovan starting this OSS, had flooded French North Africa, with so-called vice-consuls who were running all over the place, and I understand were actually OSS people.*

DU VIVIER: Yes, under Bob Murphy.

*Q: How about your auxiliaries? Were they, I mean, this was not part of their organization?*

DU VIVIER: Not at all. We were under orders from “Kippy” Tuck, the Charg# d'Affaires in charge of our Embassy in Vichy.

*Q: But you were doing their work.*

DU VIVIER: I was doing their work, and we were not told who they were. One day a Frenchman came in and he was referred to me, a great big tall man, he must have been six feet four or five, and he used a cover name which I didn't know, and it turned out that he was the brother of Henri Giraud, the escaped four-star French general. He was negotiating to get his brother out of France over to Gibraltar where he was to meet Eisenhower and eventually to set up a Free French government in North Africa.

*Q: He was taken out by a British submarine commanded by an American naval officer.*

DU VIVIER: I think it was an American submarine.

*Q: Well, I have the story on another tape of the interview with Admiral...he had been a consul to China.*

DU VIVIER: Jerauld Wright, now a retired admiral in town.

*Q: But he was a captain at the time. They didn't have an American submarine. Giraud wouldn't go on an English one, so he appeared on the bridge of the submarine in full American uniform and said it was his submarine. It was a British submarine.*

DU VIVIER: Is that right? It's interesting. Well, I negotiated that meeting but I didn't go to the meeting place which was near Cassis...I've forgotten the little peninsula, but I got the various people—they were called passeurs, which meant the people passing prisoners or escapees from one man to the other, and it was very successful. I never met the general, but I dealt with the brother, and we were under the impression that Giraud would be the future head of France. In fact, De Gaulle was largely discredited in France as a traitor at that time and quite ignored. This is hard for Americans to appreciate.

*Q: Allow me, were you able to talk to a lot of the French, and were they saying this at the time?*

DU VIVIER: Yes, yes. De Gaulle was a renegade in their eyes. He had run out of his country. He'd gotten on board the airplane of General Spears, the British military attach# in Paris, and he'd fled to London and they didn't listen to his broadcasts, and he was a has-been. It was interesting to see that the French lacked a leader. There was a lot of fighting between the Communist cells of the Maquis and the conservative cells of the Maquis, and they were bickering for territory, and this went on 'til the day of the Liberation, and I was with the conservative cells and one of my good friends, Leon Baneal, was the editor of the main newspaper there called Le Petit Provencal, and he wrote a very touching editorial which I've kept entitled “Goodbye Mickey Mouse,” and for that he was questioned and tortured and incarcerated during the Occupation. Then eventually he was released, and at the Liberation he came out with a new editorial in the same newspaper, entitled “Good Morning, Mickey.” Now we can talk and laugh and we can be free again, and those funny green leaves...green leaves were a synonym for German soldiers because of their green uniforms...now the green leaves are gone and we can just be ourselves again. It was perfectly charming, and I went back to see him twenty years later at the end of his life, and he was a delightful man. And there were some very warm, human people like that. We ate extremely well on the black market in exchange for coffee beans or cigarettes or just plain spam (from our Red Cross friends).

*Q: First, you were reporting on...there were no German troops per se...*

DU VIVIER: No.

*Q: But you were reporting on the status of the French fleet...*

DU VIVIER: Yes.

*Q: ...because this was a major component, these were very modern battleships.*

DU VIVIER: Exactly. France after Britain had the greatest navy in Europe.

*Q: It could have changed the whole balance.*

DU VIVIER: It might have, yes, it might have intercepted the American landings in North Africa had they come under German control. And then when Eisenhower landed in North Africa, we knew what was coming imminently, and at the moment it happened, I was coming back from Aix-en-Provence and I hitchhiked a ride back to Marseille at midnight and immediately the other consuls were there and we began burning all our archives and for two days we destroyed everything including a few blank passports and passports of friends of mine so that when we were ordered to go into internment at Lourdes five days later to join Doug MacArthur and Constance Harvey and Woody Wallner—all people that you may have heard about.

*Q: I've interviewed Douglas MacArthur and somebody else has interviewed Constance Harvey.*

DU VIVIER: Well we got to know them extremely well as you can imagine during internment, but they were working at other posts. My main job turned out to be contact with the French Underground and keeping their hopes alive and telling them not to give up hope. I never gave them any money, but I gave them hope and laughter.

*Q: How did the French Underground view you? By that time we were at war with Germany.*

DU VIVIER: Yes.

*Q: But things weren't going terribly well, I mean, we were just building up in Europe, and we were doing rather poorly in the Far East in 1942.*

DU VIVIER: Correct.

*Q: Did you find they felt that we had the potential, or were they feeling that they were almost discounting us, the United States?*

DU VIVIER: On the contrary, they knew that we were coming, they knew that we would “sweep out” the Germans, they had utter contempt for the Germans and their patriotism was extraordinary, the daring things they did. One contact Prosinos, who came to see me under the cover name, “Berini,” was caught by a crossfire of radio monitoring cars of the Germans and he was tortured, and apparently died without revealing his contacts. His wife had been in Paris, the secretary of my father, and his daughter in 1965 gave me the gold watch of my late brother. And there were other cases of people who were persecuted and showed extreme courage. But there was an enthusiasm. I never felt afraid, I never worried about where I would get my food, and I felt a certain exhilaration at being able to do something for my country.

*Q: Although you weren't dealing with them directly, what about refugees? I mean, obviously the Jewish refugees, but other people who were caught there in this area. We knew that the Germans would probably come in at some point. What were we doing?*

DU VIVIER: They usually were picked up and herded by the Quaker movement from outlying areas, whether it was Lyon or the Pyrenees or Nice and so on and shepherded to our visa section, and either we would give them a visa or we would give them a false American passport. We did some of that in 1941 in order to get them over into Spain where they were picked up by contacts. I had very little contact with the Jews or the Quakers. I probably wrote the first report on a shipment of so-called labor volunteers to Germany, and I think that only one-third of that trainload of 600 people were Jews. This was in October 1942. Later on it changed, but the Jews we knew were then harassed not persecuted. The overblown role given to the Holocaust by people like Herman Wouk, whom I know personally. I helped him in his last book: War and Remembrance. In that book he used my notes, impressions, in order to rewrite his plot because he didn't realize that there were no commercial planes going into Germany or France. He rewrote it to conform more or less to the truth.

To recap, the people I met were journalists, students, professors, a few businessmen. There was a very nice couple, called Goudchoux. He was a marine insurance broker, and his wife was a great cook. They would talk freely, usually in their home rather than in the consulate because the consulate was being surveyed constantly and we knew it. One morning I went to the office on foot from the hotel, and I found a strange group of seventeen English types conspicuous by their short blond hair and gray turtleneck sweaters. They turned out to be downed pilots of the RAF who had escaped. The problem was, how do we get these people to Spain? And with two hours of phone calling, my colleagues and I got them out of our consulate and disguised them, told them to stop talking English and try to smoke Gauloises instead of Craven A's, and they eventually were slipped out by cars or trucks across France to Pau. There was a very interesting ex-honorary British consul called the Marquis de Guidelmina there. He was binational—and he had a wonderful scheme whereby he would disguise these people as drivers and stokers on locomotives and on the night train over to Pamplona these people were all smuggled out in a few days. So there were twice as many stokers on their way south as there were on the way north, and it worked like a dream, and these young kids—typical college boy types—went back to Britain and presumably manned planes again and continued their fighting. But it was that sort of an experience. Courage and fun!

*Q: But you know, there's another side to this, and that is, a lot of French were not that unhappy with Petain particularly from the conservative, from the right wing. Did you run across many of these?*

DU VIVIER: No.

*Q: You must have, didn't you?*

DU VIVIER: No. They avoided me and vice-versa.

*Q: I would have thought that they would have, you know, been fairly prominent in the Vichy government.*

DU VIVIER: Mostly they must have been at Vichy. I went to Vichy three times as a courier or something, on the overnight train, once sharing space with 2 young wives, but the people we dealt with were quite sophisticated. Some of them were wives or widows of prominent ship owners, maritime brokers, or oil people, or merchants and bankers, and those people were crippled economically, and they knew that we were coming, and they knew that it was only a matter of time, and they gave us their wholehearted attention. To one of them I gave eleven pounds of honey because he had two small kids, and a wrapped-up landscape painting which is upstairs in our living room, and I said, “Jackie”—that was his code name—”Would you please keep this painting for me, and one day I'll come back and claim it. Good luck,” and he said, “Good luck,” and then two years later, I went down to Accra, Ghana, Gold Coast then, and the Air France manager one day said, “Paul, I'm going to Marseille. Do you have any messages?” I said, “Yes. Look up “Jackie” and try to recover my painting,” and he came back two months later with this landscape all wrapped up in a newspaper faded but still charming. It was a warm, personal relationship in almost every case.

*Q: So in Marseille you really weren't up against the extreme right wing...*

DU VIVIER: No.

*Q: ...the French fascists.*

DU VIVIER: No. There were some, but I never saw them. I traveled on a train once with a Prefect of Nice from Marseille to Nice, and we talked about the war to some extent, and from the start, I knew his opinion and he knew mine, and I remember we deliberated on whether after World War II, America would have compulsory military service, and he said

no and I said yes, and we skimmed around the subject of the invasion, knowing where we stood.

*Q: You were saying that after the landings in North Africa, that was in November...*

DU VIVIER: No, a month before November 8, 1942. The Prefect knew it was coming.

*Q: You knew that your mission was over, that the Germans would be coming in.*

DU VIVIER: Yes.

*Q: And you say you burned, you really had a couple of days to take care of things.*

DU VIVIER: Yes.

*Q: The French weren't anticipating you, the French authorities, or were they just going to...*

DU VIVIER: The French knew we were going to do it, and they didn't interfere, and we had a good system—wish they used it now—of never keeping our files. Every two months one of these auxiliary vice-consuls would go by car to Geneva and take with him the office copies of anything we had written—telegrams or dispatches—and so we worked from memory as to what we reported instead of referring to telegram number so-and-so, “As reported previously,” and then we'd take on from there, and a lot of time was saved that way. The last time Bradford was held up at the border, he broke the border gate with his Buick, crashed into Switzerland, and got away with it, and he delivered the goods and stayed in Switzerland until the end of the war.

*Q: Well now, how did the internment process work in your case? What happened to you?*

DU VIVIER: We went by train...

*Q: Were you just ordered there...*

DU VIVIER: We were ordered.

*Q: ...or did the Germans come and...*

DU VIVIER: No, we never saw the Germans until we'd been in internment for ten weeks. We were ordered to meet on a Sunday afternoon, at the Marseille suburban station. We boarded a train which already had the consulate staff in Nice on board, which consisted of six people, and we went overnight in a sealed train to Lourdes. There we got off the train and went to one of four hotels where we were allowed the privilege of moving around the town and countryside freely without escort at first. Then, little by little, they insisted on having a French police inspector on our bicycle rides as escort. Later on we were confined to the hotel except for specific things like playing soccer or going to church or shopping walks.

*Q: This was all run by the French?*

DU VIVIER: It was run by the French national police (Surete).

*Q: Was France, I mean Vichy France, at war with us at that time, had they declared...*

DU VIVIER: We had broken diplomatic relations, but we were not at war, and it remained that way. There was a dramatic scene told to me later by Kippy (S. Pinckney) Tuck, the Charg# d'Affaires in Vichy, that when he went as instructed by Sumner Welles to call on Marshal Petain and explain that we had landed in French North Africa, Marshal Petain, very alert, said, “I know.” Kippy added as a result, we can no longer have diplomatic relations, and Marshal Petain said, “I know.” And then Marshal Petain got up...he was 86 at the time...and turned over to the window and looked out the window of his office at the Hotel du Parc and began whistling to himself, “It's a long way to Tipperary.” He whistled that World War One tune soulfully to himself, and then he came back and he said, “I consider the interview closed.” They did not shake hands, and Kippy Tuck withdrew. Kippy believed it was a signal he believed in our victory. Thereafter it was handled not by

Admiral Darlon in power at that time—but by various civil servants in the foreign office. But Kippy, whom I knew very well, said that that signal showed Petain was secretly hoping for an Anglo-American victory and he was delighted that the break in relations would be a prelude to the liberation of France. He was a very patriotic man, and I think quite misunderstood at home and over here. My father felt the same way and wrote about it at the time.

*Q: Well now, how did the internment go? Did you go up to the Black Forest later with the Germans?*

DU VIVIER: Yes, two months later.

*Q: Because I know Douglas MacArthur mentioned this. The whole group went up.*

DU VIVIER: The whole group went up, and there's a very good report which you should look up if you don't have it, written by Woody Wallner and published in The Foreign Service Journal, issues of May, June and August, 1944.

To my knowledge this is the official report. It is detailed and it's correct and I can only add my recollections. But at Lourdes we did next to nothing except walk and keep healthy. Ate well on the black market, even oysters and lamb chops. There was an abundance of cognac available at a high price from a bar called St. Lawrence O'Toole. The bootlegger there would drink a toast to the image of the sacred heart of Jesus which was a peculiar thing to have in a bar. Then we'd start chatting and bargaining over what we would have to pay for a supply of liquor. But we were cut off as far as newspapers and people were concerned. One or two people slipped in and invited me to walk over the Pyrenees into Spain. Others from Paris or Vichy...and brought messages. I had two chances to escape on foot, one with a very good friend from Marseille, but he never spoke to me again because he thought I was chicken not to go with him. He escaped safely, and I think in retrospect, I made a mistake, but I felt that I was ordered to stay because there had been a telegram earlier signed Sumner Welles saying Walter Orabaugh will be dispatched from

Nice to Monaco to open a consular post and “Du Vivier will remain at Marseille.” I felt that was like a direct order, and I thought it was a dirty trick, but I never met Mr. Welles. (Laughter) And so I stayed at my job and did not escape. I think if I had, I would have been picked up by the embassy in Madrid and put to work, and I wouldn't have been dismissed from the Foreign Service, which is what I feared at the time.

After about six weeks there, the Germans came in abruptly, four days after New Year's 1943, took charge of the inmates at the four hotels. We were then confined to our bedrooms, and they used the large stock of sleeping cars at Lourdes...all the Wagon-Lits in France were stored there. They put us in one sealed train directly from Lourdes to Baden-Baden circling around Paris by La Grand Ceinture belt line. We proceeded via Nancy on to Strasbourg to Baden-Baden. There we were much better heated and much worse fed than in Lourdes. We were kept under the custody of eight German police. Four or five were clearly Gestapo in civilian clothes. The others were state and foreign office police—Statspolizei. Our official “host” was a career foreign service embassy counselor from the Wilhelm-Strasse, Dr. Schlehman. He, his wife and pretty secretary were very correct. He made sure that everybody knew their place and didn't fraternize. We could not go outside the hotel and the hotel grounds without one or two guards. But, aside from shopping and churches, which was a good escape to get out of the confinement, we partook of a great many hikes and walks. There were the fast walkers, the medium walkers, the slow walkers. I walked up to about twelve miles a day with the eight “fast walkers,” taking picnics but no photographs. Tyler Thompson was a great walker, and Dr. Harold Stuart and Gilbert White, later Gil Stewart a famous geographer at Aspen, and myself, a few others of that kind, were just indefatigable as far as walking through the Black Forest. And we sometimes would look down over the Siegfried Line on the German-French frontier, or we would go into a little inn. And one time at the inn, this was, I think, at the very end of 1943, we went in from the snow to eat our sandwiches, and the innkeeper was delighted to see us, and said, “Would you like to buy a little white wine?” and we said, “Ja Wohl.” We had some marks, I think, or cigarettes for currency, and then after a while

he said, “My daughter sings very well,” and so the daughter came out and she began singing “Lorelei” and a few German Lieder, and then somebody produced an accordion and we all got pretty drunk, especially the Gestapo guard. Then they began playing war songs, Lily Marlene. After awhile they played something Ah-na-na na na (humming to “Roll out the Barrels”).

*Q: It's “Roll out the Barrels.”*

DU VIVIER: I said, “I think I've heard that.” The innkeeper said, “Oh, yes, it's a very famous German song.” And I said, “It must be very well-known,” and he said, “Oh, yes. It's called 'Marshal Rommel's Victory March.'" (Laughter) So they'd simply taken it over, you know, and rechristened it. And then at the end, I think it was the same session, Henry J. Taylor, the Associate Press correspondent in Vichy, disappeared in the woods—I think he was really three sheets to the wind—and it was rather pathetic to see the poor Gestapo—the two Gestapo calling out, “Herr Heinrich, Herr Heinrich, wo bist du den? Bitte, kommen sie mal zuruck.” And we never did find Henry-Henry, but he somehow managed to stagger back to the hotel alone. He knew enough to know that he would be starved to death if he stayed out overnight in the snow. So there were some interesting episodes of that kind, but really, on the whole, we were very disciplined, we wasted a lot of time giving each other courses...I gave a course on geopolitics which I knew nothing about, but we gave each other exams and diplomas. We also put on dramatic shows, and I read three daily German newspapers because my German was fluent. Furthermore, we would listen very carefully to a monitored radio set in the big lounge (guarded night and day) to the Oberkommandor der Wehrmacht Communique at 2 p.m. followed by the news interpretation by Dr. Goebbels' Propaganda Ministry. We took notes and lists. The second broadcast was elaborate, fanciful and totally misleading. Afterwards with Attach#s Bob Scow, the army colonel, and Abel Sabelot, the navy captain, and Kippy Tuck and sometimes Tyler, Doug, Woody and myself, if I could get in the caucus, we would discuss the news. Since we had excellent German maps we'd bought locally—I still have one or two—we would find that when they wanted to announce the evacuation of a big city they

justified it as a shortening of their lines of communications. Or else it was to reinforce their lines ready for the spring offensive. And actually the little hamlet or mentioned village was about five or ten miles west of the big city on the Russian front (like Orel or Smolensk) which they would only mention days later. But we kept tabs, I kept my map marked up properly by crayons behind my coat closet and it was never disturbed. I brought it home and then I checked the dates with people in the Pentagon and found we were within four or five days of the actual changes in the Russian front. The same was true with the Pacific theater about which we had little knowledge.

*Q: Well, how did you get out, how did it work, getting out of there?*

DU VIVIER: Getting out of Baden-Baden?

*Q: When were you repatriated?*

DU VIVIER: All 145 of us were released on Saturday February 19, 1944 after 478 days. I'm trying to write my memoirs...

We were told to have breakfast at 3:30 a.m. at the hotel, so we did, and then the women and children were taken—there were about fifteen children—by bus to the railroad station two miles across town. I walked, with or without my suitcase, I can't remember, it weighed sixty pounds. We left at daybreak on the train, and it took about six hours to go from Baden-Baden to Paris via Strasbourg. And there was a tussle with the police because some relatives of our group—French relatives—tried to break the police cordon on the outskirts of Paris. One young boy did greet his grandmother before the police drew him back on board. But with pistols and truncheons they made sure that there was no contact. And then from the beltway of Paris, it took us forever (eleven hours) to go to Bordeaux and then to Biarritz where we spent four days waiting. The trip across France took us twenty-four hours, almost exactly, and it was very cold. Years later, in Ottawa, I learned from an assistant air attach# that he had been ordered not to bomb a certain train leaving at daybreak on a certain day, and he watched this little train zigzagging across all the byways

of France because eighty percent of the bridges were blown up. And he said it would have been a perfect target. He said, “I really had my X right there on the bomb release and I just hated not to pull the lever.” Thank God he didn't. So we made it, and we got to Biarritz where we spent four days because of a hitch in the exchange schedule. Finally when the Germans heard that their own people had landed safely in Lisbon from the SS Gripsholm, we were allowed to go over the frontier into Spain, again at daybreak. Somebody waved the Gestapo goodbye. I didn't want to see them again.

In retrospect my two greatest personal hardships were the lack of a date for sixteen months and the paucity of mail. For the first six months none of us received or were able to send out a letter. After that mail came once a month, heavily censored by three governments and only after taking six weeks in transit. It is a miracle my girl in Baltimore waited so long for my return. All the 14 packages of food she sent me were confiscated.

Three hours into Spain somebody staggered down the railway cars, they were not sleepers, and came back after an hour to say, “We've had deviled eggs,” and we said, “Oh, go away,” like this, and they said, “No, we've really had eggs.” We'd had two eggs in two years. We were craving for anything like cream and butter. So we all went tearing down to the dining car, and we ate this delicious stuff—eggs Benedict or something, and we got sick as dogs because it took us a long time to get our stomach back to normal. I was fifteen pounds underweight and weighed 130 or so when I went in, so I was skinny. When we got to Lisbon, we got a chance to spend ten days or so getting readjusted and picking up on news and exchanging mail and the embassy, legation, excuse me, in Lisbon under Henry Norweb, and people like Bill Boswell and Merritt Cootes were there to help us, treated us very nicely. By the time we got on shipboard we were practically back to normal.

*Q: Well, how were you received back in the State Department? How were you received and reintroduced to the Foreign Service after this? How for you specifically, I mean obviously this would go for the others, too.*

DU VIVIER: Upon landing at Hoboken, I received a message from my father that he'd been told not to go to the shipside and greet us, so he was waiting at his sister-in-law's apartment on East 68th St. in Manhattan. My parents, aunt and uncle were delighted that I was free. After a reporter on the dock snapped my photograph, I was hustled into a station wagon with an attractive Red Cross woman, who led me straight to my family, where I talked for five hours and slept for ten. The following day I was quite recovered, and told my parents that the State Department couldn't live without me, and so they saw me slip away the following afternoon, but instead of going to Washington, I went to Baltimore and made a formal proposal to my girl. Only after that was done, did I go down to report at the State Department. They were only mildly interested and told me to take thirty days leave. When I went to Nathaniel P. Davis, the Chief of Personnel, and said, “I have plans to get married. Could I have an extra week?” Mr. Davis said, “Young man, there's a war going on. I was a prisoner in the Philippines for a year and a half, and I don't think that anybody needs more than 30 days to get married.” Needless to say everybody was startled in our respective families by our wedding plans. We got married in a great hurry, went to Gibson Island for a four-day honeymoon, and adjusted to commuting for three months from Baltimore to Washington during the summer months. I was put in a very menial job working in the cost of living allowances section, working out allowances for embassies in the Far East.

*Q: Well let's move on, you were then assigned to Accra?*

DU VIVIER: Accra, Gold Coast.

*Q: It's the Gold Coast, which is now Ghana.*

DU VIVIER: Right.

*Q: What were you doing there?*

DU VIVIER: I traveled there as a diplomatic courier with a ninety-pound bag of cryptographic equipment. I went from Washington to Miami to Zanderij Field in Dutch

Guyana to Belem and Natal Brazil. There I was stuck for seventeen days, and eventually via Ascension Island I was flown to Accra in a C-87. Delivered my bag to Tom Hickok the consul in Accra, I got to work on economic reporting. There was a critical shortage of cocoa before the end of the war, and half of the world's chocolate came from the Gold Coast. The crop that year—1945—was affected by two deadly diseases called swollen shoot and sarbagella. And it was essential that with American agricultural expertise we would be able to replant or save the plantations of cocoa beans. The Navy had an expert there, Commander Leonard Schwarz, who'd worked with the Rockwood Chocolate Company. Hershey did not have somebody there, but Cadbury was represented in near-by Nigeria.

*Q: Cadbury being a British...*

DU VIVIER: Yes, and I got very involved in learning about agriculture and visiting the plantations and seeing the native managers and so on. There was also a very vital shipment of mahogany timber for ship and boat building, and a lot of it went to the United States (to build PT-boats) as well as to Britain. There was a large colony of Greek and Belgian and Swiss merchants, each one with a department store, and we were constantly thrown together with them, but primarily we were dealing with the British. The American Air Transport Command had a base with two thousand men and twelve nurses nearby, the best airport in Africa at the time, but Colonel Nelson and the other colonel disliked the British intensely, stayed very much to themselves. Our assignment was to be almost part of the British official colonial government. One of the peculiar things there was that we had strict instructions not to do any political reporting and not to try to contact local chieftains. The officer in charge was Tom Hickok, who was a bachelor and very pro-British. He had served in Dublin and was homesick. He was a very tall and good-looking, single man, and then I was next in rank, followed by an auxiliary vice-consul called Earl Richey, who did the visa-passport work, if any, and then there was a code clerk called Jim Mason who later joined the Foreign Service and is retired here, with a French wife. And I must say that our social life became very active when Margaret, my wife, was allowed to join me after VE

Day. I returned to Washington as a courier, picked her up and we sailed together on a Norwegian 10,000 ton freighter together with ten US missionaries!

*Q: That would have been April '45.*

DU VIVIER: Yes. At age 25 she was one of three American civilian women in the Gold Coast. She got a great deal of attention. A tall, dark-haired ex-debutante she was bound to make an impression. Unfortunately, I got malaria, and then she got it in Togoland [Benin] about two months later. Then a junior vice-consul, called Dick Klass, got it and died with black-water fever. His body temperature rose up to 107 in five days and his body turned black which was rather disgusting, including his private parts, which somebody had to identify. Then I got it and barely squeaked through. We were not given quinine but took a daily yellow pill called Atabrine which didn't work, as it only suppressed it, and gradually your whole bloodstream was filled with this yellow dye, even your eyeballs. I was cured from tertian malignant Valciperum malaria with a strange diet of granulated charcoal and a concoction that looked like milk of magnesia. As a result I turned in my resignation directly to the head of the African division, Henry Villard, because Mr. Hickok was most unhelpful. Being a true friend and a gentleman, tore it up and never sent it to Personnel. This would be unheard of today.

*Q: This was when?*

DU VIVIER: This was in January '46, five months after V-J Day.

*Q: You mailed it in.*

DU VIVIER: I mailed it in directly via British postage.

*Q: Well how were relations...*

DU VIVIER: Mr. Villard officially called me home, “on transfer.”

*Q: How were relations in the consulate? It was a consulate?*

DU VIVIER: Within the consulate? Good, but stiff. The principal officer, being gay, was much more interested in his social life with a British naval officer and was periodically out of reach in the northern parts of the country, so that left me in charge. Tom Hickok was cleared of charges of moral turpitude by the Department but committed suicide in 1949.

Once a strange incident happened one weekend when I was in charge. We knew that three black journalists were coming with an A-1 priority from the White House representing black newspapers in Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Harlem. When they landed, Colonel Nelson, in charge of the air base, refused to let them stay on the base more than four hours, so they just barely had time to catch their breath and have breakfast. They were brought to our bungalow where Earl Richey and I were enjoying the weekend. We recruited two Army nurses and three other people to give the semblance of a party. We let them relax and gave them things to drink, smoke and briefed them on African conditions while making it very clear that the African people were hard to reach because we had to deal through the British colonial officials who discouraged any contacts between foreigners and the native population. We organized that evening a curry-style dinner, for twelve on the terrace. Johnson, the “number one boy,” beautifully dressed in a white uniform, but barefoot, looked over this peculiar seating arrangement which I presided. He first decided to serve the ladies, of course, and then he served the hosts (myself, and Earl Richey). Then he picked out the lightest of the black journalists, and followed by the two darker. The darkest in fact was the guest of honor. We pretended we didn't notice all this, and tried to laugh. The next morning Johnson came to me with a grim look, and with a curt little bow says, “Massa, I work for white massa for fifteen years and I've never been so insulted in my life.” And I said, “What's the matter, Johnson?” pretending I didn't know. He replied, “I never had anyone receive black men in his house before, and so I serve notice.” And I said, “Why? Do you find the pay isn't adequate?” “It's not that. It's the fact that I've been insulted.” It took me, I think, fifteen minutes of pleading, saying that I had orders

from Washington, and was only doing my job. Since I was in charge, I needed him, and he reluctantly backed down. From there on we got along beautifully, and we never referred to it again, but there was a deep resentment, on his part—he was a Nigerian houseboy—to being compelled to serve foreign black people. It was a very peculiar thing which today would be totally misunderstood and incomprehensible in America.

*Q: But also, I mean you really were cut off, and under orders not to rock the boat, and it wasn't our job to do...And the British certainly had, I assume, an extremely stratified society?*

DU VIVIER: Very. In connection with Accra, let me mention one more thing. I did have a chance to learn and presumably report on the attempt made by Winston Churchill to set up a new dominion in West Africa. He sent Lord Swinton, the former Minister of Aircraft Production, before Hore Belisha, to Accra, with a staff of about twenty top-notch civil servants and professors from Oxford and Cambridge. He set up a skeleton staff for a post-war federation of Sierra Leone, Gambia, Gold Coast, and Nigeria, the political capital to be at Accra or Atchimota a hill station with a junior college of 300 students. It sought ways to increase the production of peanuts, cocoa, industrial diamonds—a very big item—and bauxite. Unfortunately, several years after I left, they let out of prison Kwame Nkrumah, who was locked up in prison all the time we were there. A movement for nationalism grew up, and the British soon gave up sovereignty and let the four colonies disintegrate into a hodge podge of independent republics which prevail today.

*Q: Well now, you say your personnel in Africa, and back in Washington, understood your unhappiness, but rather than let you resign, transferred you to, what was it, Ottawa?*

DU VIVIER: To Sydney, Australia.

*Q: To Sydney, Australia.*

DU VIVIER: But we never went there, because, after I'd had my appendix out, and we'd recovered our health and outlook, I was called in by Burke Elbrick, to be told that the ambassador in Ottawa, Ray Atherton, needed an interpreter for a meeting that weekend of the Permanent Joint Board of Defense, and would I go? I said, “Of course.” And he said, “Furthermore, if Mr. Atherton likes you, you may stay there. We'll see.” And so I was sent up to Ottawa on a plane with Mayor La Guardia, and General Foulke. In May I almost froze but I did my job as an interpreter and, as a result, I was allowed to fly back to New York and gather my wife and get my belongings off a US Army transport ship, called the USS Monterey. It was about to sail through the canal to Sydney, but my father called up the US dispatch agent, Howard Fyfe in New York, and said, “Mr. Fyfe, our children are not going to Australia. They're going to Canada.” And Mr. Fyfe, in his English laconic way, said, “How like the Department.” (Laughter) He was a great fellow.

*Q: Howard Fyfe was an institution...*

DU VIVIER: You must have known him.

*Q: ...for years and years.*

DU VIVIER: He was a great man. And he got all our stuff, the golf clubs, shorts, and all. And then we started buying sweaters and underwear.

*Q: What was your job in Ottawa?*

DU VIVIER: In Ottawa I was assistant commercial attach# under Homer Fox, who was a brilliant...I mean that...a brilliant Commerce Department official. The economic section of five officers was headed by Henry G. Bankhead, the commercial counselor, who was the uncle of Tallulah Bankhead, and the brother of William, the Speaker of the House, and John, a senior Senator. And “Daddy” Bankhead, as we called him, only wanted to sit in a large swivel arm chair behind a large map of the United States, smoke his cigars, and receive visitors or phone calls. And he let Homer Fox do all the work. I was still very junior

—and early on he said, “We are going to coordinate here all of the reporting on minerals in Canada. You will hear every three months from the various consulates”—we had fifteen —”and you will write the required reports to Washington on minerals.” And I had flunked in school a course on geology, but I quickly went back and boned up on it at home, and I did a tremendous amount of work on geology, and to a less extent on shipping which was done by Halifax. I wrote, for four years, five hundred pages of dispatches every year. I kept them all for a while. Most of them were unclassified. Some of them were published by the Department of Commerce and the US Bureau of Mines. I was known for my attendance at mining conventions and became an expert on gold, nickel and the iron ore of Labrador. I wrote the first reports on that—on the petroleum discoveries in Alberta; Leduc, Redwater and Lloydminster. I've forgotten the other names. I went out there to Edmonton one week in January and almost froze to death. I spoke to the engineers there, and really loved the work and learned a great deal.

*Q: Well then, of course obviously there's a time limitation, so why don't we move on. I have you going to Stockholm. You left Canada in 1950...*

DU VIVIER: Yes.

*Q: ...and you were in Stockholm as a commercial officer.*

DU VIVIER: I was named the commercial attach#.

*Q: Attach#, from '50 to '54.*

DU VIVIER: Yes.

*Q: What were you doing there? Were you reporting or were you pushing American products or what?*

DU VIVIER: No. Maybe pushing American... No, it was almost the other way around then. It was pushing Swedish products into America, helping them to export window frames

and kitchen utensils, ball bearings and hardware. I also did a great deal of reporting on pulp and paper. I really learned it from the ground up. A prominent Swede invited me for a week to the network of 40 pulp and paper mills in Sundsvall. Living outside Stockholm in an ancient house I managed to learn Swedish after a fashion from attending movies and reading newspapers. The cartel of paper manufacturers and the price fixing on wallboard, plywood and pulp was a problem of constant concern to Washington and US manufacturers. In addition, we were very active socially because there were a lot of business and Congressional visitors. We were swept into the aristocratic circle of Swedes—they're very precise and clannish. The fact that my wife has Baltic ancestors helped a great deal to make us acceptable in the very best social circles. But we worked like hell. We had a charming little wooden house, eighteenth century, located about ten miles north of Stockholm and I took the suburban train every day. Our daughter was born there. Our son was in first grade, with the present king of Sweden. The king has dyslexia and writes with his left hand backwards, but our son was oblivious to all that. We really led our life in the Swedish style, seeing very little of the Americans, because we were instructed to concentrate on the Swedish way of life.

*Q: What was the Swedish attitude towards America? The war was over, and America was asserting itself, and this was something obviously brand new. Ten years before, the United States was a nothing.*

DU VIVIER: Yes, in their eyes.

*Q: From what I gather there had been a certain sympathy on the part of the Swedes for the Germans.*

DU VIVIER: Oh yes, very much, to the point of allowing a German division to transit Sweden on the way to Norway in 1943.

*Q: How did they feel about the Americans? Was it a little bit dog in the mangerish or...*

DU VIVIER: Yes, very much. That's the best way to describe it. They had bet in two wars on a victory by the Germans, and they had encouraged the shipments of ball bearings—they make the best in the world, and steel—the best in Europe, to Germany to fuel the Krupp and other war plants, and so they were disappointed that their heroes didn't win. And, of course, being terribly proud, they would cover it up by saying that they always knew that the Americans were bound to win. After all they had to favor the Nazis because they might have been invaded, but there was a great deal of hypocrisy, and we pretended to agree, and there were some things we never spoke of. And Walt Butterworth, the ambassador—a Rhodes scholar as was his wife—called us in to a staff meeting one morning and said, “I understand that there are some people here who are unhappy. They have the nerve to discuss with Swedes their religion (of which they have none); their sex life, of which they have more than we; and their history. Now we are not here to engage in polemics. We are here to win their confidence and report their view. I will accept without a derogatory efficiency report comment any requests for transfer in the next thirty days. After that, I will make sure that those people are sent away and not promoted.” And the commercial counselor (my boss) disappeared quietly, as well as two other families. Virginia Butterworth did the same with the twenty Embassy/ECA wives. Immediately we got down to business, so that our job was done with almost military precision, a job of living as they did and getting to understand them and gather any information. By the time we left, I was invited to the birthday party of the mother of the president of the Swedish paper cartel! We got into their private lives that closely. We were on a first-name basis with the oldest manufacturers of industry and the bankers. We really succeeded in earning their trust and our salaries and promotions. Besides entertaining them a great deal on a miserable allowance scale, we did, I think, make permanent friends for the United States. One neighbor in Stockholm decided to emigrate to New York on my recommendation, and I gave him whatever help I could through the Chambers of Commerce. He came to New York without his family for a year, and then, having failed he went back to Stockholm, and

said, “I can't take it. I don't belong over there, but thank you for trying.” It was the end of our friendship.

*Q: Well just one thing before we move on. You mentioned the emphasis really was trying to get the Swedes to send things to the United States at that time.*

DU VIVIER: It seems incredible today.

*Q: It seems incredible today, but of course the whole idea was to make Europe a more viable entity.*

DU VIVIER: Exactly. And Sweden subscribed to the Marshall Plan for five years.

*Q: And the idea was to get them, and this was what we were pushing in those days.*

DU VIVIER: Yes. We had a trade mission from the Department of Commerce, that came as soon as I arrived there, consisting of our men...I've got their pictures somewhere...and we traveled around the countryside for 18 days visiting shipyards, glassworks and chambers of commerce, trying to find out how their shipyards could make freighters for American commerce and how we could increase their efficiency and you name it. Naturally the Swedes were delighted at this free advice. We had an aid mission called ECA and then MSA in those days, and one day Dag Hammarskjold, who was deputy foreign minister at the time, held a private luncheon as he did every Tuesday with our ambassador, and he said, “The time has come that we don't need your twenty-two million dollar grant every year. We were very glad to get the help, but it means interfering with our national sovereignty, and I think that from now on you should report to your government that the ECA mission should depart.” And they were, and boom! like that we stopped getting confidential statistics on finance and productivity. This upset a lot of people, but actually, as soon as you accept money—it's true in personal relationships—you're no longer free. I'm thinking of Corazon Aquino in Manila today.

*Q: Well, then, you were transferred to Berlin was it?*

DU VIVIER: I was transferred to Berlin, correct, in August 1954. Jack Tuthill, whom you probably know, had been one of my bosses in Sweden, and he offered me the job by phone from Bonn. He said, “There's also a vacancy in Bonn. Which one would you prefer?” And without hesitation I said, “I'd love Berlin.” And he said, “Sorry we won't be working so closely together.” But he came to Berlin frequently. He loved it too. And in Berlin I was one of three medium-grade economic officers. One who was in charge of the financial reporting, myself for trade promotion, and Bob Brandin who had the equivalent rank of commercial counselor. I had a staff of two American vice-consuls and twenty-two diligent German clerks. They worked on reporting the evolution of the German economy in detail, manufacturing and textile fashions and motion pictures and so forth. It was a big part of HICOG under the supervision of a brigadier general. We worked in the Nazi Air Force headquarters on Clay Allee. The State Department representative called Henry Parker, seconded by Ridgway Knight who really ran the civilian sections other than Intelligence.

Barely two months after my arrival in Berlin I was sent to Geneva as an alternate delegate to ten committees of the Economic Council of Europe—part of the UN Headquarters there. It was thrilling. One week I represented the US position on Transport, another on Agriculture, a third on standard road signs or migration of labor, etc. I spoke to the Soviet, British or Czech representatives as equals, through simultaneous interpreters. Cabled instructions from the Department told me what not to say. I felt like Adlai Stevenson and was often photographed.

The Secretary General of the ECE was a taciturn Swede called Gunnar Myrdal. Curious about me he invited me alone at 11:30 PM to his luxurious apartment. By 2:30 drinking tea rather than liquor, we had talked away all the world's problems. But he never invited

me into his confidence again. To my knowledge this was never reported to Washington. Today, such freedom of expression would be reprimanded.

The consul general in Geneva asked to have me transferred but I declined and returned to my wife and two children in Berlin just in time for Christmas 1954.

Suddenly I was made the contact man for the peripatetic Eleanor Dulles who today must be 91 years old. I never thought we would become so congenial. Misery likes company and she has had “lumps in her oatmeal” as we say in Scotland.

*Q: (Laughter)*

DU VIVIER: Eleanor was periodically coming around to check on her particular projects, such as, construction, education, money and Intelligence. I became her messenger boy and we worked closely as a team across the Atlantic.

*Q: She was both Assistant Secretary of State and...anything about Berlin was her...*

DU VIVIER: Exactly. One brother ran CIA and the other ran the State Department. An unbeatable combination!

*Q: Berlin was her baby.*

DU VIVIER: When I was first ordered to go to Tempelhof Airport and meet her, I turned to Bob Brandin, and said, “How will I recognize Mrs. Dulles?” And he said, “Don't you know what John Foster looks like?” And I said, “Yes, sir.” And he said, “Well, she looks like John Foster with a wig.” (Laughter) And immediately we took to each other like French Vermouth and Gordon Gin, as the song goes. She was so friendly that on one of her visits, when my wife and children were away, she took over the master bedroom in our comfortable house. When I see her now—she's ninety-five years young—she says, “Paul, when are we going to shack up together?” (Laughter) But she was great.

*Q: Were we, again pushing the Germans to send things to the United States? I mean, was that sort of our thrust in the commercial place, or were we...*

DU VIVIER: Yes, yes, very much. In fact the Air Force, General Tanner, who was responsible for successfully carrying out the Berlin airlift, was anxious to put on a great show in Berlin to prove the importance of the American Air Force in the Berlin economy. Somehow I was put in charge of the project, and in three months, with Air Force staff work we put on a tremendous trade fair showing twenty-three thousand items which the Berlin business community could produce for the Air Force. For instance there were repair facilities for trucks and jeeps and a great deal of textile and plastics and I can't remember all of the variety, but Dr. Conant came from Bonn—he was the High Commissioner and later Ambassador, opened the show with a flurry of trumpets. He was very pleased with the result and my part in it.

*Q: Well, of course our effort at that point was to make the Berliners feel safe and economically secure, so we were doing everything we could...*

DU VIVIER: Yes.

*Q: ...because there was considerable concern at that time that the population of West Berlin might just leave...*

DU VIVIER: Yes.

*Q: ...and the city might fall de facto to the East. We say this casually today, they're ripping down the Berlin Wall. I'm speaking about today, in front of the Brandenburg Gate, February 20, but in those days, of course, it was very, very different.*

DU VIVIER: I did a fair amount of reporting on East Germany too, especially Leipzig. I'd go over to East Berlin in my official, or my personal car, about once a week and price shop in the department stores, grocery stores. I even got into some of their apartments on Stalin

Allee to see what their furniture and utilities were like. I didn't have to disguise myself, but I never felt I was followed. And I was able to collect a great deal of information. I went to Leipzig two or three times. I even drove to Weimar, where I was very carefully shadowed, by a former Nazi Gauleiter. I never got to Dresden, but I did want to learn all I could about East Germany and funnel that through Berlin to get it to the Department. And we did a lot of interesting snooping. It was before the Wall, and at that time there was a hemorrhage of Germans through Brandenburg Gate and many other points at the rate of about three to four hundred Germans a day. And the West Berlin Senate put them up in refugee camps for an average of maybe six weeks. With plants and agents they could screen out pretty well the “moles” who had come into the camp. If cleared they were released and immediately flown to West Germany. They were all given jobs and presumably prospered. Our maid had come from the East and remained a fast friend to this day, 35 years later.

*Q: Well now, so we have to sort of keep the march moving. You came back to the State Department from '55 to '58.*

DU VIVIER: Yes.

*Q: What were you doing there?*

DU VIVIER: For a year I was the deputy head of a thing called the Division of Foreign Service Reporting. We put out the CERP, if you recall—the Comprehensive Economic Reporting Program: a schedule of periodic reporting for each country, to satisfy all federal department requirements. We were interviewing all the economic officers coming in and using their comments to modify the plans for their respective countries. I also lectured at the FS Institute, which was a new creation, on what should a commercial officer do in the Foreign Service.

*Q: Well now I'd like to...*

DU VIVIER: Excuse me. Then, after a year there, I moved over to the European bureau and became the military infrastructure officer on NATO for the pending construction plans in the 15 countries of NATO. I learned to work with the military frame of mind at the Pentagon and collaborate in their instructions to our embassies abroad. I've always liked the military directness.

*Q: Well, then you went back to France.*

DU VIVIER: Paris.

*Q: You went to Paris, from 1958 to 1961...*

DU VIVIER: Correct.

*Q: ...as Deputy Commercial Attach#, is that right?*

DU VIVIER: Yes.

*Q: How was France at this time? It must have been a considerable change from when you'd been there before.*

DU VIVIER: It was an enormous change, since 1942. But there was a great deal of work again to promote French exports to America, and we were pushing the old standard trade opportunity forms and the world trade directory reports as well as US investment opportunities in France. That was my principal responsibility. Gradually the emphasis changed from helping France to helping US business interests. Today we only do the latter as best we can overseas.

*Q: I started to say, it must have been about that time when all of a sudden you began to say, “Hey, wait a minute.”*

DU VIVIER: Exactly and we did. It was a fascinating seven years in one country. One big project in 1960 was the month's trip by a large Commerce Department trade mission to find outlets outside of Paris. It was led by Bradley Nash, who had been an Assistant Secretary of Commerce. I planned for months an elaborate tour in four to ten different provincial cities throughout north and western France. We interviewed 200 people and they came with concrete proposals. Thanks to our work, they planted a factory of Goodyear tire at Amiens, and a food processing plant in Brittany. When we drove south to Bourges and went all the way out to Brest for boatbuilding and sailing. There we were trying to get them to buy our equipment, our nautical equipment and adopt our standards after centuries of ignoring us. It was an exhausting trip. But I was accompanied by a French male clerk—an older man, of fifty plus, and he was the official interpreter while I was the public relations man. We stayed in run down hotels but were wined and dined extensively by corporate presidents and chambers of commerce.

*Q: Well tell me, I mean, here you were at a critical place at a critical time, because there really was a change. I mean, we'd said, "OKAY, Europe, you've recovered. Now we've got our own commercial interests to be concerned about."*

DU VIVIER: Yes.

*Q: Did you find resistance on the part of the French government which has always seemed to resent outside interference? I suppose they were delighted at our helping them find markets, but when we came in, how about this? Was this a problem?*

DU VIVIER: It was a big problem in Paris but not much in the provinces. The equivalent of the National Association of Manufacturers and all mayors were very helpful at the beginning. Then after two years, they wrote and published a series of articles stressing US trade barriers to French exports. We got them to vent their draft articles with us before they were published, but they were quite bitter on our agricultural and FDA regulations as well

as tariff classifications which you know are very rigid over here, the Buy America Act and definitions of Camembert cheese, etc.

*Q: Food...*

DU VIVIER: Pharmaceuticals.

*Q: ...drug screening. You have to pass certain tests and all that sort of thing.*

DU VIVIER: Oh yes, and selling wines in France called Champagne, Chablis or Burgundy...they were bitter about our success in making good wines. Many sarcastic remarks were made, and it was uphill. There was a big US pavilion at the Paris Trade Fair, where we spent a lot of money on a pavilion, with a motto I came up featuring Jules Verne's story of a Submarine to say that oceans drew countries closer. His novel, Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea, was elaborated into the idea that we didn't have any land barriers between us and therefore there was no obstacle between America and France. It created a bit of surprise in Washington but the French love whimsey so they played along and it flew, and was very well attended and featured in the press.

*Q: Well now, the trade side, the economic side, are absolutely vital, yet the Foreign Service often isn't very, I mean, I'm speaking about the ruling group, are usually political reporters. They're more interested in what's happening.*

DU VIVIER: That's true.

*Q: How about, we had a political ambassador, a non-career ambassador, Amory Houghton most of the time you were there.*

DU VIVIER: Yes. There's his picture on my bookcase.

*Q: How did he feel about the commercial side? Did he bring any different perspective, or was he caught up in the politics?*

DU VIVIER: He was caught up in the politics, so he sort of had open hands on the economic. He entertained the bankers and the countesses, but he was fascinated by the turmoil within the French foreign office. Being the past chairman of Corning Glass he neglected the descendants of Lafayette and Rochambeau to support our economic goals. He was extraordinary in having us on the inner circle of his staff night and day—and weekends.

*Q: What was his background? Where was his money from?*

DU VIVIER: His grandfather founded the Corning Glassworks in upstate New York.

*Q: Say no more.*

DU VIVIER: And he still ran it, and his father had been the German minister to the Kaiser around 1910. So he, out of duty I think, wanted to do what his daddy had done, and he came, although he had had cancer of the throat and had a vocal cord removed, but you couldn't really see any scar, and he spoke with a very funny voice, as you can imagine, but he struggled to learn French, and as a French foreign office man told me afterwards, he said, “Mr. Houghton was a hard man to know, but he always came to us beautifully prepared.” And he was so meticulous and thorough with his briefs that he really came right to the point. The French respected his courage and his effort to be as good as our best ambassadors. Jimmy Gavin, who was a charming man and succeeded him, was picked out because, being a general, Kennedy thought that general to general he'd get along with de Gaulle.

*Q: He was the first general officer to jump into France...*

DU VIVIER: Exactly. But I must say that he was the only ambassador that I knew to whom General de Gaulle spoke in English. De Gaulle spoke much better English than he is given credit for, and man to man they spoke in English and got along, but other than that, General Gavin was a workaholic who didn't know anything really about the fundamental

problems, about the disintegration of Algeria, about our commercial trade efforts, about the investment resistance, and the growing OECD, the Common Market.

*Q: I have had other interviews with people who served at the embassy, which was a huge embassy at the time, who said, these were people mainly who were involved in the political reform, but saying that the embassy was sort of divided up into Gaullists and anti-Gaullists. Out of personal feelings from the various officers and everybody marched to the same drum, but if their leader who happened to be on one side or the other was gone, they would immediately pick up their particular standard. Did you find this to be the case?*

DU VIVIER: Two-headed?

*Q: Two-headed as far as de Gaulle who was a person...*

DU VIVIER: There was no leader of the anti-Gaullist faction. Cecil Lyon, the DCM, was overwhelmingly Gaullist, I think to an embarrassing extent, and his political reporting which I seldom read, although I could have if I had wanted to, reflected an intimate collaboration with the Quai d'Orsay, but I dealt with the manufacturing people, the Chambers of Commerce—I was very close to them—and they were very outspoken, especially after a few good wines at my table. At one dinner party I remember, in our funny little house we had in Auteuil on the edge of the city—a Victorian house, but it was a house—I had a pro-Gaullist couple and an anti-Gaullist couple and I didn't realize it when I invited them. We barely got through the dinner, and after the dessert had been served, the pro-Gaullist, I think it was, said, “Oh, I'm terribly sorry, but my wife isn't feeling well,” and he begged off, he skipped the coffee and brandy and disappeared like that. It really was a total fiasco. There was a lot of feeling, usually over the future of Algeria.

*Q: Those of you who were involved in commerce—did you feel that de Gaulle represented a problem to you, I mean, as far as pushing commerce because of his...I don't know about*

*the economic side, but it would appear that he was a very strong nationalist, and did this spill over into commercial relations?*

DU VIVIER: To some extent on the investment projects, but not very much. I stayed out of political discussions. We had much better experts in that field, but there were things, like oil exports from Algeria, which ran across the political mainstream. Since I was experienced in petroleum reporting, one of my jobs in Paris was to report not only on the few little oil fields in metropolitan France, like the gas field at Lacq which were discovered when I was there and which I visited, but also the oil fields in Algeria where I spent five days with a French Board of Trade mission. They gave me room number 1 at one hotel, which was very flattering. These Parisians were desperately trying to accelerate the industrialization of Algeria. There was a large plan called the Plan de Constantine which was intended to set up steel mills and shipyards around Constantine in eastern Algeria in order to make Algeria a commercial and industrial force even while the civil war was going on. Our trip to Algeria was dangerous, because they were shooting in the streets. I remember a few bombs went off near the Hotel St. Georges while I was sleeping. But it was an exciting time, and the French had done an astonishing job of building up oil drilling camps, roads and refineries with little or no American advice. Where they got their advice, I don't know, Jacques Soustelle was proud of avoiding the riggers and the equipment from Texas and Oklahoma. They were building a gas pipeline which was finished from the desert to Oran which exported a lot of methane gas that was shipped as far as Boston. They also had another from the Edjelah in Tunisia to the Libyan frontier for export to Italy, Greece and Egypt as well as to Marseille. It was really a shame that all of this stack of cards collapsed so abruptly with independence right after I left Paris when I was in Bordeaux. Now Bordeaux...and maybe we, can we switch to that now?

*Q: Yes we can. Just one question...You were there at the time when the Kennedy administration came in. How did the...this was quite a change from the Eisenhower one, a*

*young man and all...How did the French commercial industrial people feel about Kennedy at the beginning?*

DU VIVIER: I'd left Paris when that happened.

*Q: We won't talk about that then.*

DU VIVIER: We'll talk about that when we get down to Nice.

*Q: OKAY, well then you were then in Bordeaux?*

DU VIVIER: In Bordeaux for only about a year. The man in charge was Aubrey Lippincott, whom I frankly disliked because he didn't trust me, and I think he did everything he could to have me transferred or worse, but I survived and he was retired. I was his number two, and then there were two or three vice-consuls under him doing a lot of immigration visa work. The Basque shepherds are in great demand in Montana.

*Q: Oh yes. And also to Nevada because Senator McCarran was pushing Basque shepherds.*

DU VIVIER: Yes, Basque shepherds, well they're the best apparently. I didn't get into that but there was a lot of other activities. My job in Bordeaux was, again, commerce and trade promotion, both ways, and I got to know very well not only the wine merchants including a namesake but also the shipping brokers.

*Q: You were there from '61 to '62.*

DU VIVIER: A little over a year, and during that time I used my wine pedigree very well because my grandfather had been a wine merchant on Park Avenue in New York at the turn of the century, and he dealt exclusively with Barton de Guestier, so I looked up their office, and their descendants made a big fuss, and they couldn't have been more generous and helpful in entertaining our visiting delegations such as the Coast Guard ship

Eagle. Now you may think, what was the American interest in Bordeaux? Other than the historic interest—it was one of the five original consulates of the Foreign Service opened in 1790. It also has a long tradition of slave trade, which we don't talk about anymore, and of airplane manufacturing. And I've looked up in the National Archives some of the old invoices of 1790-94 which are very interesting. And so I was busy there doing a variety of things, running the office for half the time. Mr. Lippincott was on home leave and then he was on vacation, and I didn't mind that a bit.

*Q: I'd just like to ask something. What happens, I mean in a small post, there you are, and you and the principal officer, you're number two, don't get along. I mean, is the best thing to do did you find was to try to get away, I mean both to separate...*

DU VIVIER: Well, yes. I knew that I could never persuade him that I wasn't trying to undermine his authority, but I had a lot of trump cards. I had a French name and a French fluency and surely a more attractive wife, and so it was very hard for him to refer things to me if he could do them himself, and I think that he would have done anything to get me out, but Perry Culley, a very nice inspector came for two weeks and took drastic steps for my promotion and rapid transfer. I had almost lost hope.

*Q: He inspected me, too.*

DU VIVIER: Well, you know.

*Q: Yes, I know.*

DU VIVIER: And then after he'd been there for about four or five days, he took me aside like that and says, “This has got to change.” And he got in touch with Herb Fales, the counselor for consular affairs in Paris, and they rewrote my efficiency report between them, and he said, “I'll have you transferred.” And it's because of his intervention as an inspector that I went overnight to Nice.

*Q: This is, for somebody who's not familiar with the Service, the inspectors, particularly in those days, much less now, played a role in sorting out these things when there were real conflicts that the Embassy cannot understand.*

DU VIVIER: Who does it now? Does anybody do it?

*Q: Well, I don't think it's done that well now. It almost ends up in the laps of lawyers.*

DU VIVIER: Oh yes, yes, understood.

*Q: This is one of the things about you might say the old boy network did sort of smooth things over without turning it into a big deal, but now it's much more difficult because if you're moved to another post, then you might be taking it away from somebody else or something like that.*

DU VIVIER: That's right.

*Q: Well, then you went to Nice and Monaco from '62 to '65.*

DU VIVIER: Yes, yes.

*Q: That sounds like a dream assignment. Was it or wasn't it? Sometimes these things are not quite as good as they seem.*

DU VIVIER: Well, it was because we were successful, but we worked like dogs, leading a double life. It was a two-man post, which meant that every other weekend you had to stay at home and be near the telephone. You had to be up much of the nights because a great deal of entertaining was done which you could never pay back, this is embarrassing, as you know, after a few weeks. And then, I had this little girl who had to be at the nuns' day school at eight o'clock every morning, and I usually had to be sure that she got there at eight o'clock before I went and opened the consulate. Sometimes I strung up the flag myself before the chauffeur or the seven locals had arrived. But we loved it because, once

again, I had the advantage of having been brought up as a little boy in France, and I had photographs to show the olive mill my father had bought in 1923 and restored, and I could speak some of the local patois, (dialect). They responded to that. When I returned to Nice with my daughter about ten years ago, they gave me that handsome bronze medal on the shelf, “for conspicuous services to Franco-American relations.”

*Q: Oh yes, I see.*

DU VIVIER: We cannot accept decorations, but this is as far as they could go. Last but not least, I really was fascinated by the Princess of Monaco.

*Q: Grace Kelly.*

DU VIVIER: Grace Kelly. And this is the passport picture of her, in April 1956, when she traveled by sea to marry the Prince in Monaco. The other is a picture of myself with her when Winston Churchill upstairs had a cold and couldn't come down, so I had her all to myself. It's very difficult to dance with a woman like that because she's so perfect that you sort of don't dare squeeze or lead. And I felt like a dumb fool. But I've seen her in every mood by day or by night, even at three o'clock in the morning when she still wore her emerald jewels in her hair and decided that a swim at the palace was the thing to do. From any angle her classic features perfectly symmetrical made her possibly the most beautiful woman when we knew her at her peak, in the early '60s. The one advantage of Grace in Hollywood was that the left side of her face was exactly like the right side, and therefore Hitchcock and Darryl Zanuck could photograph her from either side, and it always came out perfectly in the first “take.”

*Q: Well now, what was our interest in Monaco at the time?*

DU VIVIER: Our interest was that Prince Ranier like his grandfather had married a prominent Philadelphia woman, and there were strong cultural ties since the 1880's when the casino of Monte Carlo started. Ranier is a sovereign prince with the right of life or

death over his subjects. He had, just before I arrived, hired away from our embassy in Paris, a bright vice-consul called Martin Dale to advertize foreign investment opportunities in the Principality.

*Q: I know Marty Dale very well. We came into...*

DU VIVIER: Do you?!

*Q: ...the Foreign Service together.*

DU VIVIER: Well, he worked with me in Paris.

*Q: He was in my class.*

DU VIVIER: Really! How interesting! Well, Martin Dale was lured away, and was set up as investment counselor in the Palace. I have a copy of his brochure. Maybe you do. “Come to tax-free Monaco and you'll have all the benefits.” And then his wife Joan looked so much like the Princess that sometimes they'd be sitting in the royal box at the opera and you'd wonder which was which. It was incredible. Thanks to Marty Dale, who gave me a lot of information, and others, I was able to report in detail on the trade embargo that de Gaulle placed on Monaco six months after I got there. Nothing manufactured in Monaco or Monte Carlo, was allowed to go into France, such as motor boats, electronics, textiles and sports' goods. There were customs guards at the border and a few soldiers in order to enforce the embargo. On my first call on the Prince he said, “What can you do for us?” And I said, “Well Your Highness, I don't know. I'm only a reporter.” And then later one of the artists painted a picture of the frontier in reverse showing Monaco charging duty on goods coming from France, and after awhile the French relented. But one day in 1963 when Ambassador Chip Bohlen was playing golf with Foreign Minister Couve de Murville the Frenchman remarked: “We each have our flights in fancy; in America you have Disneyland, in France we have Monaco.”

Monaco has a great postage stamp industry; they make more revenue from stamps than they do from the five casinos, strangely enough. The interest also came from the fact that Princess Grace, being an American, expected her consul in Nice to get a catalog from Sears Roebuck or GE and to be on hand when she received distinguished American admirals or other visitors usually at a moment's notice. One morning at ten I was summoned to the Palace and had to borrow a clean suit from the day cleaners to look my best. The Prince never noticed...

*Q: Well now, in Nice and Monaco, as chief of consular section, did you have many protection problems there, and how were they dealt with if you did?*

DU VIVIER: We had a unique system which I inherited, and it's never been written up. I think it was called the American Association of the Cote d'Azur. The honorary president was the American consul. The work was done by the Protective Services clerk, who had been a British major in World War II, and quite an extraordinary “operator,” who knew everybody and collected butterflies, as well as being a very amusing man besides. The finances were managed by the manager of the American Express office. Every year for some twenty years they had passed the hat to the two thousand American residents, collected a large amount of money, carefully invested in French bonds, I can't remember. And from that they would make loans to a great many people who fell destitute, were incapacitated at the end of their lives—one man died at the age of a hundred after we had supported him for about a year. A pretty and pregnant young girl who wanted to be out of sight of her parents until it was safely over. Through the Rotary Club, which I joined for the first time, I was able sometimes to get free hotel lodging for some of these people, or find them clothes when they had been swimming and it cost the government not a penny. I think the State Department was unaware of it except when the F.S. Inspectors came in 1965, and we...

*Q: This was true at a number of posts abroad. I'm sure they have something of this nature in Athens, too. It's a very useful thing because it takes care of the problem at the site without having to refer it back to Washington.*

DU VIVIER: Exactly.

*Q: What about, how were the police there? You must have had US sailors or people coming off either yachts or cruise ships and getting into trouble.*

DU VIVIER: Yes, quite a bit. Well, we had the Sixth Fleet, and that's why I have Admiral David McDonald at the top and three aircraft carriers on which I've slept, all on the wall. I'd say a third of my time at Nice was spent with Navy problems. I would brief the incoming Navy captains and make official calls with them. I gave at least one big cocktail party for each successive vice-admiral who came to take command of the Sixth Fleet. I would sometimes induce local mayors and VIP's to go on board for a cruise on shipboard around the Riviera. There was a British-American hospital on the board of which I was and we would accept from the Navy hospital beds, supplies, and you name it. And there was a great deal of intimate relationships. I had three vice admirals in the three years there.

Maybe the strangest case of all was the unfortunate Rear Admiral Lee. After a three day visit off the beach at Cannes his aircraft carrier discharged by mistake 45,000 tons of diesel oil (instead of steam) as he was sailing away. The prefect, mayor and population was outraged and ordered the Sixth Fleet navy to come back. For days the sailors worked night and day to remove the muck from the Croisette Beach. One night all the hookers and sailors' girlfriends sat on the beach to give the boys coffee and sing song encouragement. When the carrier finally departed a tall blond told the press, “I've never worked so hard in all my life, and without pay.” Naturally fraternization resumed when the Navy was authorized to resume visits to Cannes two years later.

*Q: Well, then, what was the impact of the Algerian crisis? Was there any on your operations?*

DU VIVIER: Yes, in many ways. More in Bordeaux than in Nice. In Bordeaux the counter-Gaullist revolution was started by General Salan. I had met some of his political friends in Paris before in connection with oil exploration. Salan, Soustelle and the Mayor of Nice were right-wing, felt that de Gaulle was selling out to the local population, which indeed he was. A French cousin in Oran was forced out of his job as a judge and lost all his property when he had to flee to Nice for his life in 1963. There were 3,000,000 other Frenchmen who also had to flee. Their parents had been born in Algeria so they had a right to be permanently guaranteed a livelihood. In Bordeaux, where there was a lot of bombing of banks and warehouses and like incidents all the time, you couldn't mention plastique, which was sometimes mistaken for mastique, the French word for putty. There was some people killed, and the French commanding general there, another distant cousin, resigned from the French Armed Forces as a three-star general rather than continue for de Gaulle at his three hour retreat ceremony, everybody cried but admired him because he wouldn't serve with de Gaulle. He was denied his pension and his seven children were unable to attend government schools in France. Yes, there was a tremendous emotional impact there. We were really torn because Chaban-Delmas, the mayor of Bordeaux, was the right-hand man of de Gaulle since the liberation of Paris in 1944, and he later became Prime Minister of France. When he invited de Gaulle to come and give speeches twice in the year we served there I had the chance to meet de Gaulle. His great big clammy hand had no squeeze to it, it was like a giant Teddy bear, and he said, “Bonjour, monsieur, le consul general des Etats Unis,” and I moved on. There was no sign of recognition, or friendship. I never felt any sympathy for him but I was curious to meet him. I think all my sympathies were on the opposite side. In Nice, the son of the mayor (the present mayor) published a weekly anti-Gaullist gazette. He was very active in sheltering and harboring people from Algeria who were destitute. In my view de Gaulle was very undemocratic and did a lot of permanent harm to France. It was hard for me to find contacts who openly

admired de Gaulle unless they were Americans! But then Napoleon did a lot of harm to France and he wasn't very broad-minded either.

*Q: Were we under strict instructions to stay out of this thing, I'm talking about the American staff.*

DU VIVIER: No, I never got any briefing on it, but you could feel it, and being out of the political section, I felt that it wasn't really something to discuss. I think the direction came straight to the ambassador. What he did with it, I don't know. I have heard French people referred to Chip Bohlen as the “Wailing Wall” because he never betrayed their anti-Gaullist views.

*Q: But I mean, nobody was going out and saying, okay, just don't talk about this.*

DU VIVIER: No, no. It was just understood that it was better simply to avoid the whole subject.

*Q: Well then, we move on to Scotland in July of 1965.*

DU VIVIER: Yes, but before that I'd like to relate two very touching stories.

The murder of John F. Kennedy shocked deeply everyone living along the Riviera partly because he had sojourned there many times with his parents and was considered the world leader of a new era of peace and prosperity. The consulate overnight had to find guestbooks and photographs for the lines of mourners, some of whom brought flowers and food offerings. My own bilingual secretary who had served Joseph Kennedy senior for ten years was so upset she required a week's leave at home.

Eleven memorial services demanded my formal presence in one week, ranging from the cathedrals at Nice and Monaco to the replica of Moscow's St.Basil's church and a synagogue to which I wore my hat!

Several months later Jean Pessione, an elderly stone mason, came from Vence to ask my assistance in dedicating a monument he had created single-handed atop the sheer cliff of the mountain of 2205 feet dominating Vence. It consisted of a marble slab, a framed photograph, two flags and a six foot olive tree (symbol of peace) which he watered with a bucket of water he took himself to the top of the “Baou des Blancs” once a week.

The date of Saturday, June 15, 1965 was set and I mobilized my cohorts for support in the American Legion Post No. 1, the Rotary Club, and the American Church. At high noon on a sparkling day in many cars, the press, the mayor and two chartered busses parked half-way up the mountain and banners flying almost two hundred strong, we trudged along the goat path, past a prehistoric cave, to the iron cross at the top. As our daughter and dachshund wistfully watched, a number of self-appointed orators extolled the glorious “martyr of peace” and Lancelot of Camelot in two languages.

The mayor of Vence and a retired senator gave us a civic reception with champagne afterwards in the town hall at Vence, with more speeches.

The second story about JFK occurred barely three months before when the State Department transmitted a request from the family for a “sealed tape recording” of the true feelings of Princess Grace for the deceased president. The ideal choice for this confidential interview was Paul Gallico the author of The Snow Goose and Flowers for Mrs. Harris. We had the Gallicos meet Ranier and Grace at our house for lunch and the interview, taped at the Palace, was transmitted to Washington by diplomatic pouch. The contents at Boston's Kennedy Memorial Library will be revealed to the Public and possibly to my wife and my children, only in the year 2014—if she should miraculously live that long. Probably the attraction was once very strong but unlike Marilyn Monroe she didn't succumb!

*Q: When you did drive from Nice to Edinburgh what did you find there and what were our interests?*

DU VIVIER: Right, and then we had a lot of soccer football players who came over, and unemployed doctors. Soccer was having a boom at that time. They all came from Scotland. Immigration was referred to London. My predecessor had run into some difficulty with his children who were running a little footloose and fancy-free around town so I had to impose tighter office discipline. I had but one vice-consul at first with four clerks, but it grew to a consul, two vice-consuls and about ten clerks. We were allowed to buy the townhouse next door which the Royal High School had vacated so that everything was doubled.

After six weeks of warnings and preparations our office was officially inspected for one week of personnel interviews, verification of office accounts and scrutiny of work performances of all twelve of us on the staff. Inspector Robert J. McClintock had been ambassador to three countries previously and was known as one of the most charming and successful men in the Foreign Service for the past 28 years. As dean of the consular corps, I invited him to the residence to meet six other foreign consuls general and Elemita, his Chilean-born wife was delighted with the attention she received.

The next morning Rob told me that he would recommend my post should be elevated from a consulate, as it had been since 1798, to a consulate general, but only if I could show him the Loch Ness monster. In such a dilemma, I telephoned one of my few friends who steadfastly insisted that “Nessie” really did exist. After five hours the Chamber of Commerce in Glasgow did call back and announced “Ambassador McClintock” would be welcome aboard the lake steamer taking a BBC crew on the morrow to film if they could, the legendary underwater dragon that had terrified the owners of Castle Urquart for 462 years. My inspector was delighted but just before he was driven to Loch Ness, without me, the head of the BBC team telephoned from London to challenge the credentials of my distinguished visitor. “How can the Honorable McClintock be your ambassador” We know in London that the ambassador is David E. K. Bruce.” “Oh quite so,” I replied impulsively, “but Mr. Bruce is the ambassador to England. I am referring to our ambassador in Scotland!”

With this deception Rob had a free boat ride all day with several reporters and cameramen. At sundown by some miracle the westerly cross-wind aroused a series of ripples around the crags of Castle Urquart. Everyone shouted, “there he is” and all but the head and tail of the sixty foot monster was seen, photographed and copiously toasted in Glen Livet single malt whiskey. The next day the inspector pronounced my management “simply superb” and the office was reclassified with suitable publicity, new stationery seals and several well-merited promotions. Rob McClintock became a close friend of mine until he was killed in a car crash in Burgundy in 1972, debonair to the end.

Raising the post, well-publicized, gave us a renewed standing, and the time was well spent with bankers and the eternal whiskey distillers. There was a certain amount of curiosity on the part of the Embassy in London who were glad to get away and would pick on us for distraction. Willis C. Armstrong, who became a fast friend, would call me up from his Economic Minister's office in London and say, “Louise doesn't want to come up, but can't you find something for me to inspect?” And I would hustle around and, pronto, we made a trip, to see how Harris Tweed was made. That's where I was given this jacket, and we also inspected some of the islands in the far northern areas of the Highlands. To report on what chance they had of developing cottage industries into some viable economy. And Willis would give a lively pep talk to the bankers and the Chambers of Commerce in Glasgow and we had good fun. But Louise never came up. And I know my wife did a great deal through the English Speaking Union. She'd have sewing bees and cooking parties and things of that kind. We had a group of about twelve couples, each one from a different profession—there was a lawyer and a stockbroker and a doctor and so forth—and these wives would take turns in entertaining the Group, as we'd called ourselves, and trying to serve the most elaborate French cuisine we could think of. Each one trying to outdo the last one.

The Navy had three secret installations there including Holy Loch where nuclear submarines are based.

Once with Arleigh Burke (by that time I think he'd become a vice-president of Chrysler), we were entertained till midnight. And then there was Edzell, a large telecommunications base on the northeast coast, and another at Thurso, a smaller base on the very tip of Scotland: terrible climate. They had about eighty men there who were going crazy because there were no women, and there wasn't anything to do or look at. So they drank too much and drove a fast car, a Jaguar if they could. And then, finally, there was Kirknewton, an Air Force base near Edinburgh which was closed while I was there. So we had, in effect, four military bases. And I would go down to London, usually by train, and get briefed or debriefed and come back with a case of whiskey because the whiskey in Scotland was taxable to us. I had to pay the local excise which was prohibitive. But if I could get my rations through the commissary at the embassy I could live very comfortably in my 17 room government residence. And that's the way it went. We loved it. We went back ten years later for a week of farewells.

*Q: Then your last post was Frankfurt.*

DU VIVIER: My last post was Frankfurt. I came back here...I'm not sure when I met you. But it might have been in that period of '68.

*Q: Around that, it was about that time, before you went to Frankfurt, just when you were on your way to Frankfurt.*

DU VIVIER: I was waiting and I was left cooling my heels because I obviously wanted to be a consul general and there weren't any vacancies, except on the Mexican border. I don't know, things were getting a little bit awkward, so I went to Frankfurt as the number two under Jimmy Johnstone and then he retired. I was left in charge for a while before Bob Harlan came from Saigon. So I was number two all the time and number one some of the time. And Frankfurt, as you probably know, is a huge, semi-military consulate where you live really on the American GI economy which was a radical change from what I liked. But other than worrying about the pecking order as to how many stars I was the civilian

equivalent of, there was an opportunity to travel which I did a great deal, sometimes with a vice-consul in tow to call on the regional city mayors, the bishop of Fulda on the East-West German frontier, Kassel in order to get the political flavor. And many times I called on Helmut Kohl at Mainz. I had two excellent German clerks who did a great deal of political reporting with me. It was maybe the first time I delved into serious political reporting in a big way.

*Q: It was the Land of Hesse mostly there.*

DU VIVIER: Yes, we had three. We had Hesse and Rhineland-Pfalz and the Saar. The head of Rhineland-Pfalz was Helmut Kohl, and I got to know him quite well although he doesn't speak any English. I wrote to a friend at the consulate recently that I remember so well calling on him and remarking on the large bronze bust of Gustav Stresemann, and he told me that he always admired Stresemann for what he did in bringing Germany into the League of Nations. He wanted to do something bigger in Germany. He was a very ambitious but loquacious man. He is on the hot seat now. But my German correspondent says he wants to be the equal of Bismarck. I don't know what he wants, but he was a very difficult man to work with, and terribly proud. But at the end he did give me another bronze plaque with his name on the back and a medieval knight or something on the face of it. I reported as best I could, but that I think all went through the embassy, where it was ruminated by the pundits. In France I was allowed to do my reporting directly to Washington in the form of letters. In Germany it was in the form of letters to the embassy, but I also sent a copy to the desk officer. It's a very good system because that way the desk officer—and there were two or three of them on Germany at that time—knew firsthand what I was saying. They could compare it with what the official report from the embassy said.

In Bordeaux one day, the principal political officer, Hans Imhof, telephoned me, from Paris to say, “There's a terrible farmers' strike going in France, and I can't find any farmers. Can you tell me what's going on?” “The Bretons are shredding their artichokes on the

highways, and the other people are turning over their tractors and so on. What's the beef?" And fortunately the consulate then was right next to the National Federation of Farmers, not in Paris at all, and I went there and talked to the president for over an hour, and then I wrote it up and mailed it to Imhof the same day. And he incorporated it into his report. And this to me is what consulates should be doing all the time, and it's what embassies can never do properly alone.

I was always fighting in a friendly way with Findley Burns, who I consider the colleague always closing consulates worldwide. He ruined the consulate service in England and, to some extent, in Canada by always closing more places and reducing them to visa mills. And I felt that a consulate is the most direct link to the foreign people. We didn't telephone Washington but made the decisions on the spot. And God help you if you make the wrong one.

*Q: And also they do have a much closer access to public officials. When you're at an embassy, you're almost trapped within a very tight circle, diplomatic...*

DU VIVIER: Foreign Service, foreign office, yes.

*Q: ...and that often means these are the worst people in the world because you're often talking to other people, all of you including the people at the foreign ministry are really strangers in their own land.*

DU VIVIER: That's true! They've come from abroad themselves! Crazy capital cities like Washington.

*Q: They've been working abroad, and it's a very enclosed atmosphere, and it's difficult to get out and around.*

DU VIVIER: Well, when they wanted to close Nice when I was there, and I persuaded the inspector who came at the right time, in 1964—he later went out to Istanbul as consul

general, you must have known him. He had an open mind, and after a day he realized that I was doing a lot of work for the Navy and some indispensable work for Princess Grace which my wife was indispensable. He concluded there was a need for the place. Later they closed it, and then Ronald Reagan had a friend of a friend so for him, they reopened it. When he was transferred, they closed it again and now it's closed, and we've lost a perfect little real estate villa in the heart of town which we can never buy back. But I'm preaching, I think. It doesn't matter anymore. I loved it.

*Q: Well, in looking back on your career, you ended in Frankfurt, is that right?*

DU VIVIER: I ended in Frankfurt as the Principal Officer in charge of one of the largest consulates in Europe, and dealing as best I could with 14 other, 14 US government agencies and 3 US generals resident there!

*Q: Looking back on your career, what gave you the greatest feeling of satisfaction?*

DU VIVIER: I would say the gratitude of the people in Berlin, the way strangers would come up to me on a side street and say, “I just want to shake your hand.” And they were not begging or voicing their opinion. They said, “Since you're an American, I just want to say thank you.” And I didn't find that anywhere else. But it was very genuine there one year after the Berlin Airlift. For instance one snowy night around Christmas somebody rang our doorbell, and naturally I answered, and we had a big open fire going, and our dog—a dachshund born in McLean, Virginia barked eagerly. The caller said, “May I come in and wait here?” And I said, “No, who are you?” And he said, “Well, my friends are coming and it's snowing outside now. Do you mind if I wait inside the door?” And I thought twice and finally said yes, and put a chair by the door. Then the doorbell rang and someone else came in and said, “Oh, I didn't know where you were. I'm glad you're here. May I come in?” And then one led to another and to another, like that, the party grew to 20 in about forty-five minutes, and I was getting worried. After a while my wife said, “You know, don't you want schnapps or something like a beer or coffee?” We really felt threatened by now.

Finally the doorbell rang once more and an old woman came helter-skelter jabbering, “Oh my God, that's where you are. Don't you know that the meeting is supposed to be at the coffee house on the corner?” And I said, “Why did you come here?” Well, what happened was that the newspaper had printed the wrong street number for the annual meeting of the Baltic Society of Refugees in Berlin. So the annual meeting was really in my living room instead of at a kaffeeklatsch down the street. And everybody's kissing my wife's hand, it was charming and spontaneous and you really felt, you loved these people, just as honest as the day is long.

And then also some of the things that happened in Nice, you know, when people would say, “Oh well, your little girl has to learn to speak the Nice dialect the way you do.” And the day she accepted 25 hospital beds from an admiral in the Sixth Fleet for ailing American residents. And the day Princess Grace enjoyed a West African curry dinner in our house. The curry party for eight took place three weeks later at our elegant Italian-style villa high in the hills ten miles away from Nice. As my wife said, “Tonight everybody serves himself. We have only the breasts and legs to eat.” The Princess in a devilish mood replied, “Of what?”

There were many lively meetings like that.

The population in southern France, in 1962 was 40 percent Communist and therefore anti-American. With no clearance or guidance from the Embassy in Paris I endeavored to convert the rural village mayors, if I could. I never could go back officially to my childhood village because the mayor was a Communist and he wouldn't receive me, but I made converts elsewhere. And I think that I would do it again if the Foreign Service were as it was then, but we've had the best years of the Foreign Service. Neither of our children wanted to touch it because it was such constant work, even Sundays. Our son was an officer in Vietnam, although he hated it, and it took him ten years to recover from the traumatic shock of the whole thing, and he's now, after one marriage failure, making a new life in Connecticut. He went to school in Stockholm, Berlin, Washington, Paris, Bordeaux

and Nice. He said at 18, “I've never been in a school more than two years of my life. I don't have any friends.” Both children resent the Foreign Service for the fact we had to go out at cocktail time so often and they were really denied the chance of growing up with peers which is what young people crave now more than ever.

*Q: That's one of the great difficulties, yes.*

DU VIVIER: It was a difficulty on a very modest salary, and nobody really cared. I think that it's very hard for me to understand what the Foreign Service is today because they seem to worry so much more about promotion. I should have worried more, but I goofed I guess. Although I never reached the top, I don't resent it anymore. But my wife worried so much that when, in 1968, she couldn't come with me to Frankfurt—she'd just bought this house and we had our daughter beginning college and our son in Vietnam—she stayed here and developed rheumatoid arthritis right here weeding in the garden. She was almost paralyzed for about a month. But she managed to come out to Frankfurt about every six months and entertain as best we could to catch up with all the endless social obligations. And I think that the Foreign Service can't go back to what it used to be until we basically change our priorities and realize that we have responsibilities and duties at home, too.

*Q: I couldn't agree more. To that I'll say amen. Well, thank you very much.*

DU VIVIER: Well, it's been a long time. I don't know how long we've talked, but I wish I could live it all over again. I served in the '50's and '60's with a generation of sophisticated natural leaders, with a flair for eloquence and sure decisions. Today I see only a contentious horde of grumbling bureaucrats. It was wonderful to have been considered for 30 years a member of an elite, something like a Senator in Ancient Rome.

End of interview